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THE

HALLECK MEMORIAL.

EDITED BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

Yours truly,
Fitz Greene Halleck

A MEMORIAL

OF

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK:

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY

AT

GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT;

AND

OF THE PROCEEDINGS CONNECTED WITH THE UNVEILING OF THE POET'S STATUE

IN THE

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

"No poet had died and received such tribute in America."

Edited by
Evert Augustus Duyckinck.

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE, BY
AMERMAN & WILSON, 1 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
1877.

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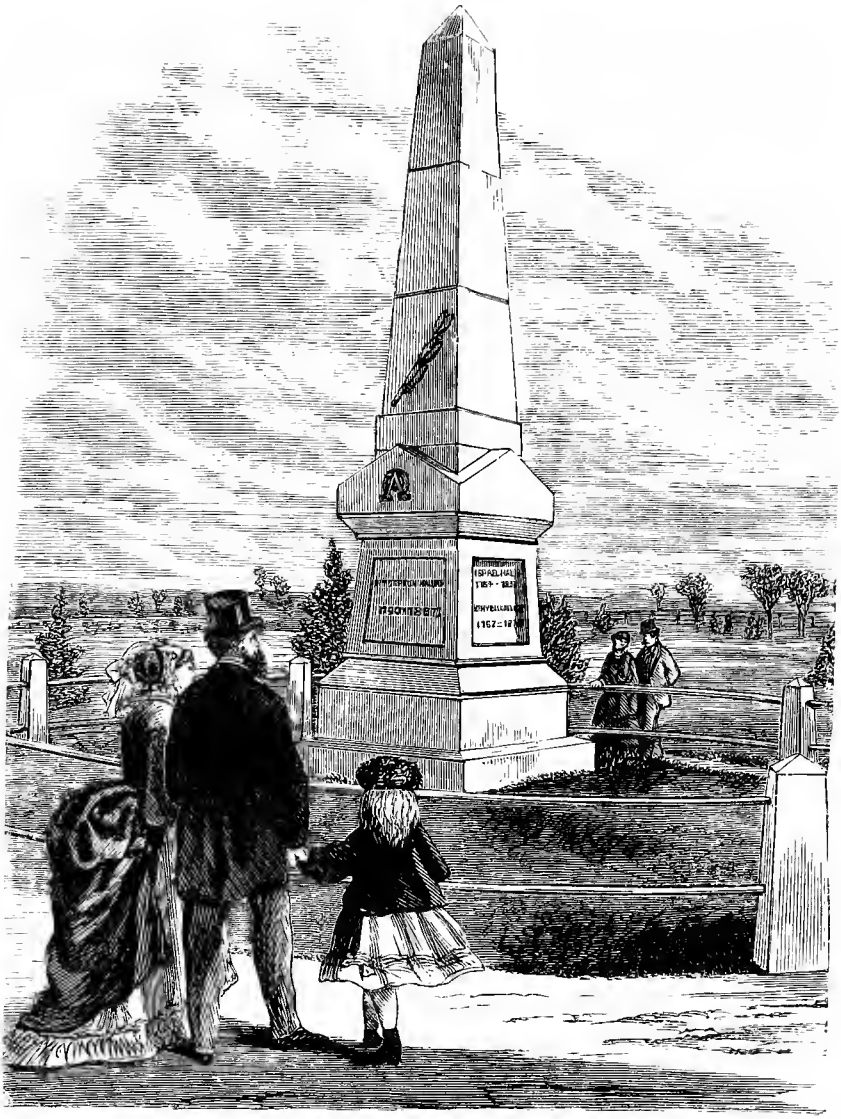

MEMORIAL.

SOON after the death of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, near the close of the year 1867, his friend Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson, aided by Mr. Benjamin H. Field, and the Hon. Horace Greeley, of New York, by Gen. H. W. Halleck, the poet's kinsman, then in command of the Division of the Pacific, and Mr. Horace H. Moore, of San Francisco, collected the sum of two thousand dollars among the poet's many friends and admirers, for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument at Guilford, Connecticut, his birth and burial place. It is made of Rhode Island granite, and is nearly eighteen feet high. Upon the front tablet is the simple inscription, in bas-relief, "FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, 1790–1867," and upon the cornice of the pedestal, the following lines from his poem of "Marco Bozzaris":

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die."

Above the inscription is a monogram, consisting of the Greek letters Alpha and Omega—the beginning and end—and near the foot of the obelisk an oak branch. Upon the opposite, or rear tablet, in bas-relief, is a lyre supported by two burning torches. On the east side of the monument is the inscription, "Nathaniel E. Halleck, 1792–1793," and on the west are the words

"Israel Halleck, 1754–1839," "Mary Eliot Halleck, 1762–1819." The poet's sister, the last of her family, died April 21, 1870, and was buried by the side of her gifted brother. In accordance with her own request she was carried to her grave by six young kinsmen—all under eighteen years of age. An inscription on the fourth side of the monument records her name and the years of her birth and death. "Maria Halleck, 1788–1870."

The obelisk occupies a conspicuous position near the centre of the Alderbrook Cemetery, or, as it is more generally called, the East Burial Ground, and stands in an oval plot twenty by thirty feet, obtained after the poet's death, the place of his burial not being an appropriate one for the monument. Around the plot has been placed a strong and durable railing of iron, with granite posts, and a path four feet in width surrounds the poet's burial place, and is separated from the other grounds by a neat evergreen hedge. Some of the Melrose Abbey ivy, received from the hands of Sir Walter Scott by Irving, and which was transplanted to Sunnyside, where it clings rejoicingly to the walls of his picturesque cottage, is now growing near Halleck's monument, and its bright dark leaves mingle with the green turf that covers the poet's grave. The sum of one hundred and fifty dollars was invested in the trustees of the cemetery, by Miss Halleck, the proceeds of which are to be forever applied to keeping the monument, the railing, the grass, the path, and the hedge that surrounds the whole, in good order.

The following are the names of the donors, whose subscriptions varied from five dollars up to fifty: William B. Astor, D. Appleton & Co., Charles W. Sandford, Samuel B. Ruggles, J. Carson Brevoort, T. W. C. Moore, W. W. Baldwin, William T. Blodgett, Robert Bonner, S. B. Chittenden, Rev. C. W. Everest, Benja-

min H. Field, Christian Roselius, William L. Andrews, James T. Brady, James Gordon Bennett, George W. Cass, Henry Clews, George W. Childs, Frederic De Peyster, Charles A. Peabody, W. M. Vermilye, Thurlow Weed, J. E. Williams, Henry H. Elliott, R. G. L. De Peyster, George Griswold, John Caswell, William G. Fargo, A. T. Mosher, James H. Hackett, Henry W. Longfellow, Charles P. Clinch, Charles Sumner, James Grant Wilson, William Cullen Bryant, Charles O'Conor, Hamilton Fish, John M. Carnochan, Charles P. Daly, John M. Bixby, A. B. Durand, Horace Greeley, Frank Moore, James Lawson, Samuel Ward, James Lenox, Cyrus W. Field, Gouverneur Kemble, Samuel J. Tilden, George Folsom, Charles W. Elliott, Charles G. Landon, James F. De Peyster, David Stewart, William H. Macy, William B. Ogden, C. F. Southmayd, Mrs. A. C. L. Botta, Mrs. E. H. Colt, Mrs. C. A. Davis, Mrs. N. S. Holbrook, Mrs. F. A. Kemble, S. L. M. Barlow, Lloyd Aspinwall, Henry Hale Ward, Isaac N. Phelps, John D. Jones, Edwin Forrest, John G. Whittier, S. F. B. Morse, Benjamin R. Winthrop, C. de P. Field, Samuel D. Babcock.

California Subscribers.—Selim E. Woodworth, E. Casserly, Henry W. Halleck, F. Billings, A. C. Peachy, John Parrott, Robert Allen, H. H. Bancroft & Co., A. Roman & Co., Robert C. Rogers, Frank Soulé, Delos Lake, H. H. Byrne, H. B. Williams, Winans & Belknap, J. A. Donahoe.

In accordance with the wishes of Miss Halleck, and Gen. Wilson, the poet's biographer, the formal dedication of the monument—the first erected to an American poet—was deferred until the anniversary of his birth; and on the 28th of June the following programme was issued by a committee chosen by the citizens of Guilford:

PROGRAMME

FOR THE FORMAL DEDICATION OF THE

HALLECK MONUMENT

At Guilford, Conn., July 8th, 1869.

EXERCISES WILL COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

Mr. S. B. CHITTENDEN will preside.

Music.....By the Band.
Reading of Halleck's Lines on Burns.....By Gen. J. G. Wilson.
Music.....By the Band.
Poem written for the occasion.....By Dr. O. W. Holmes.
Music.....By the Band.
Address.....By Mr. Bayard Taylor.

The exercises will terminate in season for visitors to take the afternoon trains for New York and Boston.

S. B. Chittenden,
Lewis R. Elliot,
Wm. W. Baldwin,
Robert Hunt,
} *Committee.*

Special invitations were extended by the committee of arrangements to all the monument subscribers, and to a few other gentlemen, and the following among other letters were received in reply:

New York, July 1st, 1869.

Gentlemen,—I have received the invitation with which you have kindly favored me, to attend the formal dedication of the Halleck Monument, at Guilford, on the 8th, and I regret extremely that I shall be unable to be present on the interesting occasion.

Very respectfully, yours,

Wm. B. Astor.

Messrs. S. B. Chittenden,
Lewis R. Elliot,
Wm. W. Baldwin,
Robert Hunt,
Committee, Guilford, Connecticut.

The Evening Post, 41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, June 26th, 1869.

My Dear Sir,—I give you many thanks for your very kind and hospitable invitation, which, however, I cannot accept. I have arrived at that age when it requires a pretty strong inducement to draw a man from

his home, but at present I have a reason for remaining which I cannot resist. I have this morning received a letter from the bookseller, who is to publish my translation of Homer, claiming of me the performance of a promise, which I gave him, to supply, at this time, that part of the translation which will form the first volume. This will occupy me closely for several days to come, a fortnight probably, and I have not a day to spare. Repeating my thanks for your obliging invitation,

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, Esq.

PALISADE AV., YONKERS, July 7th.

MY DEAR MR. CHITTENDEN,—I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation to Guilford in connection with the Halleck Monument ceremonies. Had I received it earlier, I might have postponed other engagements which now make it impossible for me to be away from the city to-morrow. I am glad you have taken the leading part in a commemorative service so appropriate and interesting, and I much regret my not being able to be with you.

My friend and neighbor, Mr. James Lawson, who proposes to go to Guilford, will favor me by taking this note, and you will find him a very worthy representative of Yonkers.

Yours, very truly,

WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

S. B. CHITTENDEN. Esq.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Collector's Office, July 2d, 1869.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the formal dedication of the Halleck Monument, at Guilford, Connecticut, on July 8th, 1869; and the sorrow to say, that the discharge of my

official duties will deprive me of the happiness of assisting on an occasion so commendable on your part, so justly due to Fitz-Greene Halleck.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

C. P. CLINCH,

Asst. Coll.

TO S. B. CHITTENDEN, LEWIS R. ELLIOT, WM. W. BALDWIN, ROBERT HUNT, Esqrs., *Committee, &c.*

RAHWAY, N. J., July 2d, 1869.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, ESQ., AND MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE:

GENTLEMEN,—I regret that I cannot be present at the formal dedication of the Monument to my old and revered friend Halleck, nor accept the hospitable invitation of your chairman. But I fully appreciate the kindly sympathy which has reared a monument among his neighbors to that dear old man and bright-eyed old poet.

Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance of me on this interesting occasion. If it were possible, I would be present.

Very truly, your obliged friend,

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

ASHFIELD, MASS., July 6th, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—The kind invitation to the dedication of the Halleck Monument reached me only last evening, and I am very sorry that I am unable to accept it, for the bright memory of the poet, the lovely season, and the words that will be said and sung, combine to make the occasion most alluring.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1869.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret that the serious illness of my wife will deprive me of the satisfaction of being present

at the dedication of the Halleck Monument on the 8th inst.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

FREDERIC DE PEYSTER.

Messrs. CHITTENDEN, ELLIOT, BALDWIN, *and* HUNT, *Committee* at Guilford, Connecticut.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CHITTENDEN,—I regret very much that a previous engagement for that day will prevent me from being at Guilford on the 8th inst.

With much respect, I remain,

My dear Mr. Chittenden,

Very truly your friend,

CYRUS W. FIELD.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, Guilford, Conn.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE,
NEW YORK, July 2, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I can't go up to Guilford (because I must give the time to worrying the Free-Traders), but I will send a reporter, and remain,

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

Gen. J. G. WILSON.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
HARTFORD, July 3, 1869.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—The Governor directs me to say that, as the General Assembly adjourns on the 9th July, it will be impossible for him to attend the dedication of the Halleck Monument at Guilford, on the 8th July.

He regrets that he is compelled to decline your kind invitation.

Very respectfully,

HENRY E. BURTON, *Ex. Sec.*

Norwich Town, Conn., July 2, 1869.

S. B. Chittenden, Esq. :

Sir,—Circumstances will deprive me of the pleasure of being present at the dedication of the Halleck Monument, on Thursday next. It would afford me great gratification to participate in the exercises on that interesting occasion. But domestic engagements detain me at home, and I must deny myself an indulgence that would conflict with them.

My heart is in love, reverence, and admiration, cordially in unison with the feelings of those who honor themselves by honoring the memory of our bard and friend, by these choice literary tributes to the first of American poets, one of the noblest of our countrymen, and an exquisite specimen of one of "God Almighty's gentlemen."

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. A. Jones.

Philadelphia, July 5, 1869.

Dear Sir,—If I could avail myself of your courteous invitation to assist at the dedication of the Halleck Monument, it would be a great gratification to me, but my hours are all engaged throughout this week. Gen. Wilson's biography and fine edition of the poems constitute a noble monument for stay-at-homes, such as

Yours faithfully,

R. Shelton Mackenzie.

S. B. Chittenden, Esq.

---

111 East Twelfth St., New York, July 5, 1869.

Dear Sir,—I beg leave to return my sincere thanks to the Halleck Monument Committee, for the invitation to attend the dedication of it, at Guilford, on the 8th inst.

I regret exceedingly that the state of my health at present will prevent my availing myself of it.

Very respectfully yours,

T. W. C. MOORE.

S. B. CHITTENDEN, Esq., *and others composing the Committee.*

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 1, 1869.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret that circumstances, requiring my presence here, will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to be present on the interesting occasion of the dedication of the Halleck Monument, on the 8th inst.

With sincere respect,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

To S. B. CHITTENDEN, Esq., *and Committee,* Guilford, Conn.

MR. A. T. STEWART regrets that he is unable to accept the polite invitation of the Committee on the Halleck Monument, to attend the dedication at Guilford, on the 8th inst.

NEW YORK CITY, July 3, 1869.

AMESBURY, 28th 6 mo., 1869.

DEAR FRIEND,—I regret that, owing to the state of my health, I am not able to be present at the dedication of the Monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck. To use his own words, in one of his imperishable poems:

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,"

and it is fitting that a token of grateful appreciation should mark his resting-place.

Very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gen. J. G. WILSON.

Thursday, July 8th, was an auspicious day. Summer gave her most tempered sunshine, her sweetest airs, for the ceremonies which dedicated the monument

to one of America's earliest-born poets. The "gray rocks" of Connecticut grew softer in the mellow light; freshest odors of new-mown hay were in the air, and delightful breezes from the Sound turned the silver lining of the willow-leaves and shook the tassels of the blossoming chestnuts. The rough little State never seemed so beautiful as to those who followed her coast on their way to Guilford, to participate in the final honors rendered to one of her best-known and best-beloved sons.

Many of Halleck's old friends and associates were faithful to his memory. Among them were Gen. C. W. Sandford, like the poet, a member of

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"

who volunteered for the defence of New York against the apprehended attack by the British in 1814; Mr. W. W. Bruce, who was associated with Halleck during the years that he was in the counting-house of John Jacob Astor; his kinsman, Charles Elliot, aged eighty-one; the poet's school-day friends, George H. Foote and Abraham S. Fowler; Miss Caldwell, a life-long acquaintance of the poet; Mr. R. G. L. De Peyster; Judge C. A. Peabody; Mr. Benjamin H. Field; Dr. John W. Carnochan; ex-Senator L. S. Foster; Mr. James Lawson; John T. Agnew; Charles W. Elliott; John Robertson; Charles Nordhoff, of the New York *Post;* General Hawley; Professor Silliman; Professor Day; Richard H. Stoddard; William Walter Phelps; Col. J. W. De Forest; Rev. Dr. Bennett; Hon. Ralph D. Smith; Judge Landon; Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson; Mr. Bayard Taylor; George Hill, like Halleck, a poet, and the author of a volume called "The Ruins of Athens;" Hon. John Cotton Smith, and many others. Nearly all those named were conveyed in carriages, on the arrival of the train, at eleven o'clock, to the residence of the Chairman of the Com-

mittee of Arrangements, where they enjoyed his hospitality ; and at two o'clock were conveyed to the cemetery, where there was an assemblage of from two to three thousand persons. An object of affectionate interest among many of the audience surrounding the covered platform erected for the occasion on the cemetery lawn, near the monument, was the poet's sister, Miss Maria Halleck, a lady of upward of four-score, who in appearance very greatly resembled her distinguished brother. Seated by her side was Mrs. William Todd, the "Dear Sarah" of one of the school-boy Halleck's poems; Miss Laura Betts, the poet's cousin and contemporary; and Miss Clara Caldwell, as cheerful at ninety-four as when, in the year 1787, she attended the wedding, in the Episcopal church at Guilford, of Israel Halleck and Mary Eliot, the poet's father and mother. Halleck's school-boy friends, Mr. A. S. Fowler, Col. Foote, and many others, who knew him familiarly and loved him fondly, were also among the assemblage gathered together to do honor to the poet's memory. The monument was surrounded with flowers, and a large floral cross, exquisitely arranged, marked the exact resting-place of the poet. A little after two o'clock, a special train from New Haven arrived, bringing a Bridgeport band and a body of Knights Templars from New Haven. After music by the band, Mr. Simeon B. Chittenden called the meeting to order, and said :

Ladies and Gentlemen :

My thanks are due to the active members of the Committee of Arrangements for the honor of presiding on this interesting occasion. I perceive that you are all eager for the intellectual feast just before you. I shall detain you, therefore, but three or four minutes.

We have met here to cover with ephemeral flowers, and mark with enduring granite, the new grave of a

departed son of Guilford, who in his lifetime stamped the impress of his wit and genius more conspicuously upon the world than any other son of our well-beloved quiet home. I see before me worthy descendants of the men who founded the empire of old Guilford, and, as the illustrious subject of our meeting will be treated by far worthier hands than mine, I shall be pardoned, I trust, for delaying the appointed exercises for a moment, to glance backward two hundred and forty years.

The first settlers came to Guilford, according to the meagre records, in 1639—a company of seven, six men and a minister. The names of the men are all given, but nothing is said about women. There is plenty of evidence here to-day that they had at least wives, and it may be mothers, among them; but their strange silence suggests that they were not the sort of ladies who in our time glory in the Sorosis.

Contrary to the rule nowadays, the minister was the richest man of the party. He had the longest purse and the broadest plantation. He built right away, for his own use, a strong stone house, which was also used as a fort. There it stands yonder, two hundred and forty years old—the oldest inhabited structure in America. Thanks to the liberal far-sightedness of the present owner, it is now in excellent condition, and promises to last at least five hundred years longer.

Aside from this precious relic, but little visible trace remains of the doings of this band of heroes for the first three or four years. In the absence of written records, the famous old fort is an eloquent testimonial to their energy, courage, and self-reliance. History speaks of these men as "pillars." Undoubtedly they were among the first and best foundation-stones upon which we are yet building the national superstructure. Guilford did not grow so fast as Chicago or Omaha. Steam and the lightning had not been harnessed then. Moreover, the rocks crowded the roots here then,

just as they do now. Who dare say that the hidden, unheralded work of Whitefield and the other six was less vital and honorable than the blazing achievements of our time? Who shall measure the essential native force of the men, and fix the meed of praise due respectively to those who in 1639 confronted the savages and built yonder fort on these plains, and to those who in 1869 laid their daily ten miles of iron track across the continent, and opened the Pacific golden gate to the commerce of the world?

In 1843, another company of about forty "gentlemen" planters joined the first hardy pioneers. In the plenitude of their pluck, "they brought few servants, no merchant or blacksmith with them." It would appear that they got on very well without servants and merchants; but they couldn't do without a blacksmith. It is recorded that, after protracted debate and effort, and at "great cost," they succeeded in obtaining a good one. From that day to this the blacksmiths of Guilford have been selectmen of the town, and have oftentimes wielded the largest influence.

It is curious and interesting, at least to those of us who claim this village as our home, to notice in this connection that, several generations later on, the son of a blacksmith connected with Davenport's colony at New Haven came here as a farmer's boy. Wearying of that, he went to college, and in due time returned; took a wife from Nut Plains—a mile or so north of us—and made her the favored mother of the most remarkable and influential family that America has yet produced.

I see that my minutes are up. I must not detain you. There is nothing more noticeable in the character of our ancestors than their modesty. That is traditional. But we Guilford souls have a right to boast a little to-day of the old fort, of the first American family, and of the distinguished and honored poet whose praises we have met to celebrate.

After music by the band, the chairman announced that there would be some modification in the published programme, and he then introduced to the audience Mr. George Hill, of Guilford, who read the following sonnet, composed for the occasion :

THE GRAVE OF HALLECK.

In thee no gorgeous capital, no mart,
Known wheresoe'er a wave rolls, though we see,
Yet, Guilford! even thine no humble part
In memory's pageant henceforth e'er shall be.
The earth that heaps thy relics, Halleck! where
No name more famed sepulchral shaft shall bear,
Full many a pilgrim-bard from many a shore
Shall wend to greet till time shall be no more:
The spot, henceforth to genius ever dear,
Shall gladly hail, nor quit without a tear;
Some strain of thy imperishable lyre
Recall, and, ere reluctant he retire,
Exclaim, "In thee, O Fame's lamented son!
A thousand poets we have lost in one."

This was followed by the reading of the first part of Halleck's admirable poem "Connecticut," by the Hon. John Cotton Smith, and after appropriate music, which was interspersed throughout the ceremonies, the chairman announced that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes having been prevented from being present, his commemorative lyric would be read by the poet's biographer, James Grant Wilson. He then introduced Gen. Wilson, who read the following beautiful lines written for the occasion :

IN MEMORY OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Say not the poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious Death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after eyes
The stone with "Here he lies."
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets shine
That wear his name, inwrought with many a golden line!

Call not our Poet dead,
Though on his turf we tread!
Green is the wreath their brows so long have worn,—
The minstrels of the morn,
Who, while the Orient burned with new-born flame,
Caught that celestial fire
And struck a Nation's lyre!
These taught the western winds the poet's name;
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers of fame!

Count not our Poet dead!
The stars shall watch his bed,
The rose of June its fragrant life renew
His blushing mound to strew,
And all the tuneful throats of summer swell
With trills as crystal—clear
As when he wooed the ear
Of the young muse that haunts each wooded dell
With songs of that "rough land" he loved so long and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow.
His soul the air enshrines, and leaves but dust below!

Dr. Holmes's poem was greeted with hearty applause, and then followed the thoughtful and admirably-written and well-delivered address of Mr. Taylor:

We have been eighty years an organized nation, ninety-three years an independent people, more than two hundred years an American race, and to-day, for the first time in our history, we meet to dedicate publicly, with appropriate honors, a monument to an American poet. The occasion is thus lifted above the circle of personal memories which inspired it, and takes its place, as the beginning of a new epoch in the story of our culture. It carries our thoughts back of the commencement of this individual life, into the elements from which our literature grew, and forward, far beyond the closing of the tomb before us, into the possible growth and glory of the future.

The rhythmical expression of emotion, or passion, or thought, is a need of the human race—coeval with speech, universal as religion, the prophetic forerunner as well as the last-begotten offspring of civilization. Poetry belongs equally to the impressible childhood of a people and to the refined ease of their maturity. It is both the instinctive effort of nature, and the loftiest ideal of Art, receding to farther and farther spheres of spiritual Beauty, as men rise to the capacity for its enjoyment. But our race was transferred, half-grown, from the songs of its early ages and the inspiring associations of its Past, and set here, face to face with stern tasks, which left no space for the lighter play of the mind. The early generations of English bards gradually become foreign to us; for their songs, however sweet, were not those of our home. We profess to claim an equal share in Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, but it is a hollow pretence. They belong to our language, but we cannot truly feel that they belong to us as a people. The destiny that placed us on this soil robbed us of the magic of tradition, the wealth of romance, the suggestions of history, the sentiment of inherited homes and customs, and left us, shorn of our lisping childhood, to create a poetic literature for ourselves

It is not singular, therefore, that this continent should have waited long for its first-born poet. The intellect, the energy of character, the moral force—even the occasional taste and refinement—which were shipped hither from the older shores, found the hard work of history already portioned out for them, and the Muses discovered no nook of guarded leisure, no haunt of sweet contemplation, which might tempt them to settle among us. Labor may be Prayer, but it is not Poetry. Liberty of Conscience and Worship, practical Democracy, the union of Civil Order and Personal Independence, are ideas which may warm the hearts and brains of men, but the soil in which they strike root is too full of fresh, unsoftened forces to produce the delicate wine of Song. The highest product of ripened intellect cannot be expected in the nonage of a nation. The poetry of our Colonial and Revolutionary periods is mostly a spiritless imitation of inferior models in the parent country. If, here and there, some timid, uncertain voice seems to guess the true language, we only hear it once or twice—like those colonized nightingales which for one brief summer gave their new song to the Virginian moonlights, and then disappeared. These early fragments of our poetry are chanted in the midst of such profound silence and loneliness that they sound spectrally to our ears. Philip Freneau is almost as much a shade to us as his own hunter and deer.

In the same year in which the Constitution of the United States was completed and adopted, the first poet was born—Richard Henry Dana, who still lives, and, despite his gray head, still keeps the freshness and youth of the poetic nature. Less than three years after him Fitz-Greene Halleck came into the world—the lyrical genius following the grave and contemplative muse of his elder brother. In Halleck, therefore, we mourn our first loss out of the first generation of American bards; and a deeper significance is thus given to the

personal honors which we lovingly pay to his memory. Let us be glad, not only that these honors have been so nobly deserved, but also that we find in him a fitting representative of his age! Let us forget our sorrow for the true man, the steadfast friend, and rejoice that the earliest child of song whom we return to the soil that bore him for us, was the brave, bright, and beautiful growth of a healthy, masculine race! No morbid impatience with the restrictions of life—no fruitless lament over an unattainable ideal—no inherited gloom of temperament, such as finds delight in what it chooses to call despair, ever muffled the clear notes of his verse, or touched the sunny cheerfulness of his history. The cries and protests, the utterances of "world-pain," with which so many of his contemporaries in Europe filled the world, awoke no echo in his sound and sturdy nature. His life offers no enigmas for our solution. No romantic mystery floats around his name, to win for him the interest of a shallow sentimentalism. Clear, frank, simple, and consistent, his song and his life were woven into one smooth and even thread. We would willingly pardon in him some expression of dissatisfaction with a worldly fate which, in certain respects, seemed inadequate to his genius, but we find that he never uttered it. The basis of his nature was a knightly bravery, of such firm and enduring temper that it kept from him even the ordinary sensitiveness of the poetic character. From the time of his studies as a boy, in the propitious kitchen which heard his first callow numbers, to the last days of a life which had seen no liberal popular recognition of his deserts, he accepted his fortune with the perfect dignity of a man who cannot stoop to discontent. During his later visits to New York, the simplest, the most unobtrusive, yet the cheerfullest man to be seen among the throngs of Broadway, was Fitz-Greene Halleck. Yet, with all his simplicity, his bearing was strikingly gallant and fearless; the carriage of

his head suggested the wearing of a helmet. The genial frankness and grace of his manner, in his intercourse with men, has suggested to others the epithet "courtly"—but I prefer to call it *manly*, as the expression of a rarer and finer quality than is usually found in the atmosphere of courts.

Halleck was loyal to himself, as a man, and he was also loyal to his art, as a poet. His genius was essentially lyrical, and he seems to have felt, instinctively, its natural limitations. He quietly and gratefully accepted the fame which followed his best productions, but he never courted public applause. Even the swift popularity of the Croaker series could not seduce him to take advantage of the tide, which then promised a speedy flood. At periods in his history, when anything from his pen would have been welcomed by a class of readers, whose growing taste found so little sustenance at home, he remained silent because he felt no immediate personal necessity of poetic utterance. The German poet, Uhland, said to me: "I cannot now say whether I shall write any more, because I only write when I feel the positive *need*, and this is independent of my will, or the wish of others." Such was also the law of Halleck's mind, and of the mind of every poet who reveres his divine gift. God cannot accept a mechanical prayer; and I do not compare sacred things with profane, when I say that a poem cannot be accepted which does not compel its own inspired utterance. He is the true priest of the human heart and the human soul, who rhythmically expresses the emotions and the aspirations of his own.

It has been said of Halleck as of Campbell, that "he was afraid of the shadow which his own fame cast before him." I protest against the use of a clever epigrammatic sentence to misinterpret the poetic nature to men. The inference is, that poets write merely for that popular recognition which is called fame; and,

having attained a certain degree, fear to lose it by later productions, which may not prove so acceptable. A writer, influenced by such a consideration, never deserved the name of poet. It is an unworthy estimate of his character which thus explains the honest and honorable silence of Fitz-Greene Halleck. The quality of genius is not to be measured by its productive activity. The brain which gave us "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," and "Red Jacket," was not exhausted: it was certainly capable of other and equally admirable achievements; but the fortunate visits of the Muse are not to be compelled by the poet's will, and Halleck endured her absence without complaint, as he had enjoyed her favors without ostentation. The very fact that he wrote so little proclaims the sincerity of his genius, and harmonizes with the entire character of his life. It was enough for him that he first let loose the Theban eagle in our songless American air. He was glad and satisfied to know that his lyrics have entered into and become a part of the national life—that

> "Sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
> And wild vows falter on the tongue,"

when his lines, keen and flexible as fire, burn in the ears of the young who shall hereafter sing, and fight, and labor, and love, for "God and their native land!"

It is not necessary that we should attempt to determine his relative place among American poets. It is sufficient that he has his assured place, and that his name is a permanent part of our literary history. It is sufficient that he deserves every honor which we can render to his memory, not only as one of the very first representatives of American Song, but from his intrinsic quality as a poet. Let us rather be thankful for every star set in our heaven, than seek to ascertain how they differ from one another in glory. If any critic would diminish the loving enthusiasm of those whose lives

have been brightened by the poet's personal sunshine, let him remember that the sternest criticism will set the lyrics of Halleck higher than their author's unambitious estimate. They will, in time, fix their own just place in our poetic annals. Halleck is still too near our orbit for the computation of an exact parallax; but we may safely leave his measure of fame to the decision of impartial Time. A poem which bears within itself its own right to existence, will not die. Its rhythm is freshly fed from the eternal pulses of beauty, whence flows the sweetest life of the human race. Age cannot quench its original fire, or repetition make dull its immortal music. It forever haunts that purer atmosphere which overlies the dust and smoke of our petty cares and our material interests—often, indeed, calling to us like a distant clarion, to keep awake the senses of intellectual delight which would else perish from our lives. The poetic literature of a land is the finer and purer ether above its material growth and the vicissitudes of its history. Where it was vacant and barren for us, except, perchance, a feeble lark-note here and there, Dana, Halleck, and Bryant rose together on steadier wings and gave voices to the solitude—Dana with a broad, grave undertone, like that of the sea: Bryant with a sound as of the wind in summer woods, and the fall of waters in mountain-dells; and Halleck with strains blown from a silver trumpet, breathing manly fire and courage. Many voices have followed them; the ether rings with new melodies, and yet others shall come to lure all the aspirations of our hearts, and echo all the yearnings of our separated destiny; but we shall not forget the forerunners who rose in advance of their welcome, and created their own audience by their songs.

Thus it is, that in dedicating a monument to Fitz-Greene Halleck to-day, we symbolize the intellectual growth of the American people. They have at last

taken that departure which represents the higher development of a nation—the capacity to value the genius which cannot work with material instruments; which is unmoved by Atlantic Cables, Pacific Railroads, and any show of marvellous statistical tables; which grandly dispenses with the popular measures of success; which simply expresses itself, without *consciously* working for the delight of others—yet which, once recognized, stands thenceforth as a part of the glory of the whole people. It is a token that we have relaxed the rough work of two and a half centuries, and are beginning to enjoy that rest and leisure, out of which the grace and beauty of civilization grow. The pillars of our political fabric have been slowly and massively raised, like the drums of Doric columns, but they still need the crowning capitals and the sculptured entablature. Law, and Right, and Physical Development build well, but they are cold, mathematical architects: the Poet and the Artist make beautiful the temple. Our natural tendency, as a people, is to worship positive material achievement in whatever form it is displayed; even the poet must be a partizan before the government will recognize his existence. So much of our intellectual energy has been led into the new paths which our national growth has opened—so exacting are the demands upon working brains—that taste and refinement of mind, and warm appreciation of the creative spirit of Beauty, are only beginning to bloom here and there among us, like tender exotic flowers. "The light that never was on sea or land" shines all around us, but few are the eyes whose vision it clarifies. Yet the faculty is here, and the earnest need. The delight in Art, of which Poetry is the highest manifestation, has ceased to be the privilege of a fortunate few, and will soon become, let us hope, the common heritage of the people. If any true song has heretofore been sung to unheeding ears, let us behold,

in this dedication, the sign that our reproach is taken away—that, henceforth, every new melody of the land shall spread in still expanding vibrations, until all shall learn to listen!

The life of the Poet who sleeps here represents the long period of transition between the appearance of American poetry and the creation of an appreciative and sympathetic audience for it. We must honor him all the more that in the beginning he was content with the few that heard him; that the agitations of national life through which he passed could not ruffle the clear flow of his song; and that, with a serene equanimity of temper, which is the rarest American virtue, he saw, during his whole life, wealth and personal distinction constantly passing into less deserving hands, without temptation and without envy. All popular superstitions concerning the misanthropy or the irritable temper of Genius were disproved in him: I have never known a man so independent of the moods and passions of his generation. We cannot regret that he should have been chosen to assist in the hard pioneer work of our literature, because he seemed to be so unconscious of its privations. Yet he and his co-mates have walked a rough, and for the most part a lonely track, leaving a smoother way broken for their followers. They have blazed their trails through the wilderness, and carved their sounding names on the silent mountain-peaks, teaching the scenery of our homes a language, and giving it a rarer and tenderer charm than even the atmosphere of great historic deeds. Fitz-Greene Halleck has set his seal upon the gray rock of Connecticut, on the heights of Weehawken, on the fair valley of Wyoming, and the Field of the Grounded Arms. He has done his manly share in forcing this half-subdued Nature in which we live to accept a human harmony, and cover its soulless beauty with the mantle of his verse.

However our field of poetic literature may bloom, whatever products of riper culture may rise to overshadow its present growths, the memory of Halleck is perennially rooted at its entrance. Recognizing the purity of his genius, the nobility of his character, we gratefully and affectionately dedicate to him this monument. There is no cypress in the wreath which we lay upon his grave. We do not meet to chant a dirge over unfulfilled promises or an insufficient destiny. We have no wilful defiance of the world to excuse, no sensitive protest to justify. Our hymn of consecration is cheerful, though solemn. Looking forward from this hallowed ground, we can only behold a Future for our Poetry, sunnier than its past. We see the love of Beauty born from the servitude to Use—the recognition of an immortal ideal element gradually evolved from the strength of natures which have conquered material forces—the growth of all fine and gracious attributes of imagination and fancy, to warm, and sweeten, and expand the stately coldness of intellect. We dream of days when the highest and deepest utterances of rhythmical thought shall be met with grateful welcome, not with dull amazement or mean suspicion. We wait for voices which shall no more say to the Poet: "Stay here, at the level of our delight in you!"—but which shall say to him: "Higher, still higher! though we may not reach you, yet in following we shall rise!" And, as our last prophetic hope, we look for that fortunate age, when the circle of sympathy, now so limited, shall be co-extensive with the nation, and when, even as the Poet loves his Land, his Land shall love her Poet!

After further music by the band, and singing by a quartette chorus of the hymn, "I would not live away," the ceremonies came to a close, the assembly slowly dispersed, and the sweet singer in whose honor so many hundreds had made pilgrimages to the quiet old Con-

necticut town, and in respect to whose memory business was suspended on that day, was left to the sunny silence of the cemetery where he sleeps. It was a "red-letter day" in the history of Guilford.

IMPROMPTU LINES ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF HALLECK'S MONUMENT AT GUILFORD.

By Benjamin H. Field.

For thou art spirit-born,
And Time shall limit not
The dawning of thy morn,
Or fix thy native cot.

But every vine-clad hill,
And every summer's shower,
And every joyous rill,
Reveals thy natal hour.

And every rose-clad bower,
And every sacred grot,
And Freedom's lofty tower—
What place shall own thee not?

Lake George asserts her claim,
And in her quiet dell
The merry bird shall sing thy name,
And so shall forest belle.

And on her jewelled isle,*
When kneels the maiden fair,
The limpid wave reflects thy smile,
Whose spirit hovers there.

Niagara's rushing stream
Shall syllable thy name;
Her maiden's wildest dream
Shall echo but thy fame.

Panse, angry spirit of the fall!
O cease thy useless strife;
Thy vapor is some human pall,
Thy rush but emblems life.

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* Diamond Island.

In person thousands came,
  In spirit millions more,
To deify thy name
  Upon thy native shore.

Now let us HIM adore,
  Who gave thy spirit wing
Above this earth to soar,
  And every human thing.

Holmes emulates thy song,
  And Taylor speaks thy worth;
Green be thy land, and hallowed long
  The place that claims thy birth.

THE POETS' CORNER.

OF all the dedications these radiant summer days have seen, not one is more significant than the simple ceremony yesterday observed at Guilford. It was only the setting of a memorial-stone at the head of a dead poet. And the poet himself was unfamiliar to the younger public of to-day. Only in its reading-books had the fire of "Marco Bozzaris" kindled the new generation, and "Marco Bozzaris" was all it knew of Fitz-Greene Halleck. When the sweet flower of his life suddenly dropped, one morning, from the stem of time, it was only they who had long watched its beauty, and rejoiced in its perfection. who knew that it had not years before faded into dearly-remembered dust. Therefore it is especially noteworthy that, to this removed and noiseless genius, the first monument which the people have builded, in the name of a poet, should be dedicated.

Because Halleck was the first American singer to be rejoiced in by the people—for Dana's strain was too grave and measured to be popular, and Bryant belonged to a later day—it is fitting that he should be

the first to be remembered in enduring stone. He was born after more than a century of hard, material life, which had hardly once flowered into art. It was proof that the nation had climbed on stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things, that the time was ripe for a poet, and that the poet was beloved. And so, to lay our lilies on his grave, is to commemorate a nobler epoch of our race. The nation could not linger to listen to him. It was hurrying to the Western sea, and covering the land with the results of its breathless, never-ending work. But his strain gave wings to the fancies of a hundred rhymers. Some of them, of a bolder spirit than their teacher, rejoiced in this large activity, were kindled by it, and responsive to it, and themselves became the popular poets. It was good, for the poet is first a man. But, in this dusty, noisy rush of time, it seems better that there should be, now and then, a singer who lives out of the press and quarrel, and has thoughts cool as the May dews, and sweeter than apple-blooms. Especially does it seem better when one thinks how impossible it is to stand in the market-place and not send greetings to the right hand and the left, to be solicited for speech, and to keep holy silence, save when divine command impels. In Halleck we honor the poet's forbearance equally with the poet's work. He warmly loved his art, but he kept spotless her integrity. So, because he shrank from any praise which he had not earned, and could never sing to earn praise, we do well to remind ourselves that he thus represented the loftiest and purest genius.

As a people, we do not build monuments. It is common to say that our brave, and gifted, and noble, have their monuments in the hearts of the people. But it is true only in a partial sense, for we have not time to remember, unless some visible token calls our thought back to them, who are behind us. We are beginning to raise shafts above our soldiers, which de-

clare how beautiful and immortal a thing is heroism in a just cause, and every one we have builded makes us richer. Let us hope that we know at last the debt we owe to our poets, and that we shall raise above them shafts to tell how beautiful and immortal a thing is the imagination. We shall have no Westminster Abbey. More and more as the years go on, more and more in America will the sentiment of religion refuse to be pent in churches, or to consecrate here a chapel and there a cathedral. Infinite as the Infinite Soul, it will call all places sacred where a sweet humanity has followed after the Highest. And when we lay our great ones down to rest, whether they were of high or low estate, we have laid them in a grander temple than the marvellous church, if the pavement be the green turf, and the roof the smiling sky. We will seal them in no stony isolation from their kind, but give them back to kindly earth, that out of their sweet dust violets may spring. But the shaft of stone shall tell their nobleness who had once a mortal life, and the living shall be grateful for the inheritance of their genius and their simplicity. It was a fine saying of Schiller, that to the artist is entrusted the dignity of man. No artist ever kept the trust more simply and more highly than Fitz-Greene Halleck. What could we do for him yesterday save to leave him in the Poets' Corner, and to cut his name in the stone?—*New York Tribune, July* 9, 1869.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEEDINGS

CONNECTED WITH THE

UNVEILING OF THE HALLECK STATUE,

MAY 15, 1877.

Following the completion of the Halleck Monument at Guilford, Ct., a feeling memorial tribute, associated with the claims of birth and family which justly took precedence of every other—a number of the friends of the poet, citizens of New York, resolved upon the erection of a statue in his memory, in the Central Park. Early in 1869, notice of this intention was given in the journals of the day, in the following circular announcement.

A STATUE OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The friends of the late gifted poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who may desire to contribute toward the erection of a full-length bronze statue of him, for which a site has been selected by the Commissioners of Central Park, are invited to forward their subscriptions to the Treasurer of the Committee, whose name appears below, or any of the undersigned. The sum of $12,000 is required for the erection of the statue, a considerable portion of which amount has been already subscribed by citizens of New York :

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, *President*, No. 5 West 22d street.
BENJAMIN H. FIELD, *Treasurer*, No. 127 Water street.
JAS. GRANT WILSON, *Secretary*, No. 51 St. Mark's Place.

HAMILTON FISH,	SAMUEL B. RUGGLES,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT,	WILLIAM H. APPLETON,
WILLIAM KEMBLE,	WILLIAM T. BLODGETT,
EVERT A. DUYCKINCK,	ANDREW H. GREEN.

Before the completion of the work, two honored members of this small committee were removed by death, the distinguished president, Mr. Morse, and the lamented friend to art, and every generous city enterprise, Mr. William T. Blodgett. The place of Mr. Morse was happily supplied by the life-long friend of both Morse and Halleck, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who henceforth acted as chairman of the committee. Mr. Blodgett was worthily succeeded by Mr. Benjamin R. Winthrop, long an intimate friend of Halleck, and ardently devoted to his memory. His name appears on the list of subscribers to the statue as the largest contributor, and the committee are greatly indebted to his zeal and encouragement.

Thus brought before the public, the subscription, though liberally supported at the outset by many of the poet's friends, was slow in arriving at the amount necessary for the execution of the project. At this early period, considerable aid was afforded to the undertaking by an amateur musical entertainment given by Gen. Wilson and others, at the residence in West Forty-seventh street, of the late Dr. Thomas Ward. The proceeds of this concert, which was fashionably attended, were sent to the committee. They amounted to the liberal contribution—three hundred and ninety-three dollars.

An earnest advocate of the work was early found in the sculptor, Mr. J. Wilson MacDonald, an artist of reputation in the West, who had recently executed a memorial bust of Washington Irving, which had been placed by the friends of that author in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Mr. MacDonald modelled in clay, a head, and subsequently the full length figure of Halleck in a sitting position, which met with the approval of the committee. An engraving of the work appeared in an early number of the *Art Journal*, which, by the kindness of its publishers, Messrs. Appleton, is repro-

duced in the present memorial pamphlet. This engraving was accompanied with the following endorsement of the model from the pen of the chairman of the committee. "I am quite pleased," wrote Mr. Bryant to the sculptor, "both with the general effect and the execution. The likeness is good and pleasing, the attitude dignified and graceful, and the accessories well imagined." Mr. Charles P. Clinch, another friend and contemporary of Halleck, pronounces it an admirable likeness of the poet as he appeared in middle life. * The model was inspected by numerous friends of Mr. Halleck at the artist's studio, and was generally approved. It was finally accepted by the committee. Much time, however, was necessarily suffered to elapse before the requisite amount of funds was obtained to cast the statue in bronze. The subscription was facilitated by the personal exertions of the sculptor who generously abated the usual terms for such a work, to secure its earlier execution.

The statue was at length cast in bronze at the foundry of Maurice J. Power, in the City of New York, and completed late in the autumn of 1876. A site having been assigned by the Central Park Commissioners near the statues of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, the "Poets' Corner" of America, it was at first intended to erect the work within the Centennial year of the Republic; but the lateness of the season rendered this inexpedient, and it was resolved to defer the appropriate celebration to the ensuing spring. The announcement of the due presentation to the public was made in the following circular, accompanied by a programme of the proceedings.

* The committee would also express their obligations to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., for the loan of the steel plate executed from Inman's portrait of the poet.

INAUGURATION OF THE HALLECK STATUE.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1877.

You are very cordially invited to be present at the Ceremony of Unveiling, by the President of the United States, of the Statue of FITZ GREENE HALLECK, in the Central Park, at three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 15, 1877.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, *Chairman of the Committee,*

JAS. GRANT WILSON,	HAMILTON FISH,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD,	S. B. CHITTENDEN,
SAMUEL B. RUGGLES,	WILLIAM H. APPLETON,
BENJAMIN R. WINTHROP,	ANDREW H. GREEN,
EVERT A. DUYCKINCK,	WILLIAM KEMBLE.

Please present the invitation, which will admit a gentleman and lady, at the entrance to the seats.

PROGRAMME.

I. Music.—II. Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT will call the assembly to order, and introduce the President of the United States.—III. The PRESIDENT will unveil the Statue and present it, on behalf of the subscribers, to the City of New York.—IV. Music.—V. Response of the MAYOR of the City of New York.—VI. Music.—VII. Gen. JAS. GRANT WILSON will read a Poem, written for the occasion by Mr. JOHN G. WHITTIER.—VIII. Music.—IX. Address by Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.—X. Music.

The Seventh Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., and the Veteran Corps have accepted the Committee's invitation to participate in the ceremonies.

P. S.—Should the day appointed be a stormy and unpropitious one, the Unveiling Ceremonies will be postponed to Wednesday, May 16, at the same hour.

Invitations were extended by the Committee to all the subscribers to the Halleck Statue and to a large number of distinguished persons, many of whom were also invited by General and Mrs. Wilson to meet the President and Mrs. Hayes at luncheon, at their residence in the vicinity of the Park, at 15 East Seventy-fourth street, previous to the Unveiling Ceremonies. The following letters among others, were received in reply:

From His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, K. C. B., &c., Governor-General of Canada.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,
April 25, 1877.

MY DEAR GENERAL WILSON:

I am much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 20th inst., but I am afraid that there is nothing so pleasant in store for me just at present as a visit to New York, otherwise it would give me great pleasure to have attended the proposed celebration, and to have found myself in the society of so many very distinguished men. * * * * *

Yours, sincerely,

DUFFERIN.

From Ex-President Grant.

General and Mrs. Grant regret they cannot accept the invitation of Gen. and Mrs. Jas. Grant Wilson for lunch on the 15th inst., to meet President and Mrs. Hayes. Their engagements are such, having accepted an invitation from the Penn Club of Philadelphia, for the evening of the 15th of May, that it will be out of their power to be present.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 3, 1877.

From the Vice-President of the United States.

Mr. Wheeler's compliments to General and Mrs. Wilson, with regrets, that existing engagements prevent his acceptance of their kind invitation for lunch on Tuesday, May 15.

MALONE, May 7, 1877.

From the Chief Justice of the United States.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Waite regret very much, indeed, that the engagements of the Chief Justice upon the circuit will prevent their acceptance of the invitation of Gen. and Mrs. Jas. Grant Wilson to meet the President of the United States and Mrs. Hayes at lunch on Tuesday, May 15.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3, 1877.

From the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman regret very much that they will not be able to be in New York on May 15, and are therefore compelled to decline the kind invitation of General and Mrs. Wilson.

WASHINGTON, May 5.

From the Secretary of War.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. McCrary present their compliments to General and Mrs. Wilson, and regret exceedingly that official duties will prevent an acceptance of their kind invitation to lunch with the President and Mrs. Hayes, on Tuesday, May 15, at one o'clock.

May 8, 1877.

From the Postmaster General.

The Postmaster General desires to acknowledge with thanks the kind invitation of General and Mrs. Wilson for Tuesday, May 15, and regrets that official duties prevent his acceptance. The absence of Mrs. Key will also prevent her acceptance of their polite invitation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1877.

From the Admiral of the Navy.

Admiral and Mrs. Porter beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of General and Mrs. Wilson's kind invitation for Tuesday, 15th inst., to meet the President and Mrs. Hayes, and regret that they will be unable to accept the same on account of private affairs.

WASHINGTON, May 4, 1877.

From Senator Roscoe Conkling.

Mr. and Mrs. Conkling regret being compelled to deny themselves the pleasure of accepting the invitation of General and Mrs. Wilson to lunch on Tuesday, May fifteenth.

UTICA, May 7.

From the Lieut.-General of the Army.

Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan regrets exceedingly that he cannot accept the kind invitation of Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson to lunch on May 15, and to meet the President and Mrs. Hayes.

CHICAGO, May 13, 1877.

From the British Minister.

Sir Edward and Lady Thornton regret that they cannot accept General and Mrs. Wilson's kind invitation for Tuesday, May 15, to meet the President and Mrs. Hayes, because they are about to leave the United States for England.

BRITISH LEGATION, WASHINGTON, May 3, 1877.

From Admiral Lord Clarence Paget.

Lord Clarence Paget presents his compliments to Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson, and regrets extremely that he did not return home in time to avail himself of the General's kind invitation.

CLARENDON HOTEL, May 15th.

From His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis.

H. I. H., the Grand Duke Alexis, regrets that duties on board his ship will deprive him of the pleasure of accepting the invitation of Gen. Wilson to lunch on Tuesday, May 15th.

FRIGATE SVETLAND, May 9, 1877.

From H. I. H. the Grand Duke Constantine.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine regrets that duty retains him on board on Tuesday, May fifteenth, and thanks Gen. Wilson for his kind invitation.

Saturday, May 12.

From the Russian Admiral.

Rear Admiral Boutakoff is very sorry not to be able to accept the kind invitation of General Wilson for the lunch on Tuesday, May fifteenth, at one o'clock.

May 11, 1877.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD, Mass., May 7.

DEAR SIR,—It would give me pleasure to be present at the interesting ceremony at the Central Park on the 15th instant, but I find it will not be in my power.

With great regard, yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

W. C. BRYANT, Esq.

From Richard H. Dana, Sen.

Mr. R. H. Dana regrets that his state of health is such as to prevent his accepting General and Mrs. Grant Wilson's very kind invitation to meet the President of the United States and Mrs. Hayes at lunch on the 15th inst.

43 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON, May 4, 1877.

From Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana desire to acknowledge the kind attention of General and Mrs. Wilson in their invitation for the 15th inst. Nothing could be more enticing than the invitation, but they are obliged to deny themselves the pleasure of accepting by reason of other engagements.

361 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, May 6, 1877.

From Hon. George Bancroft.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your very polite invitation to lunch on Tuesday next, May fifteenth, is received. I regret exceedingly that the ill health of my wife makes it impossible for us to avail ourselves of it. With best regards for Gen. Wilson, I remain, dear madam, very respectfully and most truly yours,

GEO. BANCROFT

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 8, 1877.

From Henry W. Longfellow.

Mr. and Miss Edith Longfellow regret extremely that they cannot have the pleasure of accepting the kind invitation of General and Mrs. Grant Wilson for Tuesday, May 15th.

CAMBRIDGE, May 10, 1877.

From Prof. James Russell Lowell.

Mr. Lowell very sincerely regrets that imperative duties will deny him the pleasure of accepting, as he would otherwise gladly have done, Gen. Wilson's very kind invitation to be present at the interesting ceremony of the fifteenth May.

ELMWOOD, 7th May, 1877.

From Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. Holmes regrets that his engagements do not permit him to accept Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson's polite invitation for May fifteenth.

296 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, May 5.

From Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

BOSTON, 12th May, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—The kind invitation of Mrs. Wilson and yourself came to Boston while we were at New York. It would have given us pleasure to witness the unveiling of the statue and to meet President and Mrs. Hayes at your house. But we were compelled to return home a day or two since. Accept our best thanks and believe me,

Respectfully and truly yours,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Gen. JAS. GRANT WILSON.

From John G. Whittier.

OAK-KNOLL, DANVERS, Mass., 5th mo. 14.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— * * I wish I could be with you on the occasion, but my health will not permit me. Especially I should be glad to meet the President, with whose efforts to restore peace and good will and to reform the civil service of the government I am in hearty sympathy. I am very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Gen. J. G. WILSON.

From the Hon. Hamilton Fish.

GLENCLYFFE, GARRISON P. O., PUTNAM Co., N. Y., May 19, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,— * * * I would have been present at the unveiling ceremonies, but that returning to establish "a home"—for during the last eight years our residence has been so unsettled that I could not call either of these places in which we successively sojourned "a home"—we have found so much to do and have a house full of work people of all trades, that I found it necessary to remain here as much as possible, and hence was obliged to deny myself the pleasure of attending the unveiling of the Halleck statue, as also of paying my respects to the President in New York. I pray you, therefore, to accept my thanks for your kind invitation to Mrs. Fish and myself, and to be assured of the reason why its acknowledgment has been delayed, and its acceptance was without our power.

With great regard, very truly yours,

HAMILTON FISH.

Gen. JAS. GRANT WILSON.

The day appointed for the ceremony, as at the Dedication of the Monument at Guilford, proved a most propitious one. The following distinguished guests were present at the entertainment given to the President and Mrs. Hayes, a feature of which was a beautiful miniature representation of the Halleck Statue, and the production of some old Madeira which had been imported for General Washington:

The President and Mrs. Hayes; Miss Platte and Miss Foote; Mr. Webb C. Hayes; the Secretary of State and Mrs. Evarts; Miss E. H. Evarts; the Secretary of the Interior and Miss Schurz; Gen. Charles Devens, Attorney-General United States; the General of the United States Army; the Vice-Admiral of the United States Navy; Major-Gen. W. S. Hancock, U. S. A.; Com. Nicholson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Nicholson; Maj.-Gen. Lefroy, British Army, Governor of the Bermudas; Capt. Wildman, 87th Fusiliers, Aide-de-Camp to the Governor; Mrs. and Miss Lefroy; the Mayor of New York; Mr. Robert A. Macfie, ex-Member Parliament; Hon. George H. Boker, Minister to Russia; Chancellor and Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany; Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, Castle Point, Hoboken; Mr. William C. Bryant and Miss Bryant; Miss Fairchild; Hon. Edwin D. Morgan and Mrs. Morgan; Hon. S. B. Chittenden and Mrs. Chittenden; Mr. and Mrs. William Allen Butler; Mrs. Samuel Colt, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. George William Curtis; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Ruggles; Mr. Walter S. Wilson, 7th Regt.; Mr. Andrew K. Cogswell, New Brunswick, New Jersey; Mrs. Townsend and Miss Norton; Mr. William H. Appleton; Miss Wilson; Mr. Benjamin H. Field; Mr. Alexander Stuart; Mr. Bayard Taylor.

The Seventh Regiment, Colonel Clark, and the Seventh Regiment Veteran Corps, Col. Pond, who had proceeded to Seventy-fourth street by horse-cars,

marched through that street, from Third avenue to Fifth, at half-past two o'clock, and were reviewed by the President, Gen. Sherman, Admiral Rowan and Members of the Cabinet, from Gen. Wilson's residence, which was handsomely decorated with flags, as were other houses in the neighborhood. The military were accompanied by both Grafulla's and Dodworth's bands, comprising ninety pieces. At the close of the review, Colonels Clark and Pond were presented to President Hayes in Gen. Wilson's parlors. A procession was then formed to march to the site of the Halleck Statue. The members of the committee and invited guests rode in the carriages behind the Seventh Regiment, President Hayes, Mr. Bryant and Gen. Wilson occupying the first carriage. They were followed by the Veteran Corps.

The column proceeded down Fifth avenue to the Seventy-second street entrance of Central Park, and then along the carriage drive to the Mall, where the drives separate. There the guests left their carriages, the venerable Chairman with the President, and Mrs. Hayes on the arm of Gen. Wilson, heading the procession, and walked between the military bodies, through a space enclosed by railings and ropes to the stand erected near the statue, which is only a short distance north of the Scott monument. The barriers mentioned were necessary to keep back the large crowds of spectators.

After the committee and guests above mentioned had taken seats on the stand provided for them, the military formed in the rear. Around the platform rows of seats had been placed for two thousand persons, who had been specially invited to attend. The whole number of persons present was, probably, not less than fifty thousand.

After appropriate music by the bands the Chairman

called the assembly to order, and introduced President Hayes. Mr. Bryant said:

"I will not believe that all this concourse has been attracted hither by mere curiosity. There are numbers among you who come to honor the memory of the poet whose statue is to be displayed to the public view—numbers who remember the enthusiasm with which they first read Halleck's poem of Marco Bozzaris, instinct with a fiery martial spirit—numbers who recollect in what glorious stanzas he expressed his admiration of Burns—numbers who have read with a thrill of delight his fine poem of the Field of the Grounded Arms, celebrating the day when, on the plains of Saratoga, the British host, with its proud commander, surrounded by the army of the Republic, were taken captive like pigeons in a net. There are many here whose hearts have responded to the tribute paid by Halleck to Woman as the restorer of "earth's lost Paradise in the green bower of home," and many who have admired the genial and playful spirit in which he satirized the follies of New York society. My friends, you shall hear to-day a fitting expression of the admiration with which Halleck is regarded from a man of kindred genius, and, like him, author of a graceful satire levelled at our social follies. You shall hear also a poetic tribute to Halleck's memory by another eminent poet, composed in his retirement in Massachusetts, and worthy to be placed beside the noble verses which Halleck in a moment of inspiration poured forth to the memory of Burns.

"In the mean time, I am to present to you a distinguished personage who has consented to grace this occasion with his presence, and to take part in these ceremonies. The veil will now be withdrawn from the statue of our departed friend and poet by the President of the United States, who, in behalf of the sub-

scribers to the fund for erecting it, will present it to the City of New York."

President Hayes then unveiled the statue, which had been covered with the national colors, and made the presentation in the following words:

MAYOR ELY,—The honorable and very agreeable duty has devolved on me, on behalf of the subscribers to the Halleck Statue, to present, through you, to the City of New York this now completed work. Halleck —the early American poet—the favored of the early American poets, a citizen of the city of New York during all the years of his active life—this is his statue. In his life he honored the city; his works will honor the city forever. On behalf of the subscribers I present this statue, through you, to the City of New York. You will preserve it; you will prize it; you will keep it forever in these beautiful grounds as one of the precious treasures of your magnificent city.

The Mayor accepted the statue in behalf of the city, in the following terms:

Mr. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE: On behalf of the Citizens of the City of New York, I accept this superb statue of the poet Halleck. He was a man so thoroughly identified in life with the city, that we regard him as our own. I thank the gentlemen of the committee for their laudable effort in this matter. I congratulate them on the pleasant duty this day so happily accomplished.

The following musical and tender poem, written for the occasion by John G. Whittier, was read, in his absence, by Gen. Grant Wilson, an intimate friend of Mr. Halleck and his literary executor:

Among their graven shapes to whom
  Thy civic wreaths belong,
O, city of his love! make room
  For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
  Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
  Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men
  He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
  Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
  The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
  A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
  He found their homes more sweet.
And through a tenderer atmosphere
  Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall street knew;
  The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
  From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
  His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
  And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
  Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathe
  The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
  Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
  A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
  Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
  Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
  The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
  The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas!—Of all who knew
  The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face, how few
  Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
  Our grateful eyes be dim;
O, brothers of the days to come,
  Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
  New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'er creep
  The lines of Halleck's name.

Mr. William Allen Butler, the orator of the occasion, then delivered the following eloquent and admirable address:

"The chief duty of this commemorative hour is already discharged. The unveiled statue of Halleck, in its completeness as a work of art, in its graceful significance as a gift from liberal hands to the people of this municipality, and in its monumental dignity, stands secure upon its solid base, side by side with the silent memorials of great men, face to face with nature, and open to the gaze of the living multitudes who frequent this vast enclosure. The act of its inauguration is, in itself, a tribute to the poet and the man which needs no added word to interpret its meaning or vin-

dicate its justice. At the distance of a decade of years from his death, and of half a century from the maturity of his genius, we need not pause to defend the right, or try the title, by which the memory and the fame of Halleck enter into the possession and enjoyment of the new and wider privilege confirmed by this present grant, which is but the further assurance of an inalienable estate, long since vested in fee forever.

Nor is it needful, at this time, to attempt any narrative of the poet's life. He has been fortunate in his biographer, whose faithful portraiture, set off with vivid traits of the contemporary public and social life which gave so many themes for Halleck's muse, presents a charming story of his pure youth; of his unsullied manhood, in which the steady labors of the counting-room were contrasted with his ardent love of letters; of his sudden and brilliant literary successes, his choice companionships, his simple tastes, his assured fame, his mellow old age, crowned with reverent affections and with honors kindred to those which, in a fuller measure, are rendered to his memory to-day.

The monument erected in 1869 over the grave of Halleck, at his native village of Guilford, was the first public token of respect ever reared to the memory of an American poet. The statue we dedicate now is the first ever set in a public place, in like commemoration. The occasion is thus a signal one, worthily marked with peculiar interest and observance, and while we may well leave to the critic and the biographer the task of measuring and adjusting the relative rank of the poet in the domain of letters and of recording the special incidents of his career, it is fitting that some brief utterance be given to the general sentiment and estimate of his pre-eminence, which may serve to give, by a rapid glance, an impression of his genius as a poet, as just, if not as life-like, as that which this finished

work of the sculptor gives us of the outward form and aspect of the man.

The poems which bear the name of Fitz-Greene Halleck, are comparatively few in number. The whole can be read in a few hours; those upon which his fame chiefly rests, in a single hour. I have lately read, or re-read, all his published poems—every line, every word—in order that, however otherwise unfurnished, I might gain for the service of this occasion, a fresh contact with his poetic nature as it breathes through his written works and speaks on the printed page, and, perhaps, a clearer insight into the sources of his poetic power. These, if I rightly judge, are not difficult to discern. They did not consist in any special gift of creative imagination or contemplative thought, but rather in the rare and happy union of the qualities of his nature. It was alive at every point with sympathy and feeling; thoroughly human and humane; responsive to all outward impressions, whether joyous or sad; quick in perception; keen with mother wit and a native sense of humor, and graceful with a fresh fancy, borrowed from no field of song or story or the thoughts of other men—the bright consummate flower of a virgin soil.

But a nature cast in a poetic mould does not make a poet, nor does even the added gift of poetic expression, which, as in the case of Halleck's earlier efforts, may be imitative of other masters or guides, and so tend to that mediocrity in verse, which Horace declares to be abhorrent to gods and men and booksellers. To make the true poet, as distinguished from the writer of verse—the poet whose words shall live in the hearts and on the lips of men—there must be, besides the poetic nature and the faculty of expression, the latent energy and force which shall be able to seize the passing moment, the present scene, the grand event, and make them subservient to their

use. It is this vigilant readiness to grasp the opportune and instant advantage, and turn it to great and lasting account, this assertion by brave spirits furnished for their work, of their hidden but conscious power, which is ever the wonder and admiration of the world. It is the supreme faculty. When it wins fortune by a bold stroke, we are apt to misname it luck; when it saves imperilled lives at the risk of its own, or turns defeat into victory on the battle field, it is heroism; when it makes its own thought and its own word the mirror and the voice of the common thought and the common feeling of mankind, for want of a better name, we call it genius.

This rare gift was Halleck's. His best poems were the richest and fullest expression of his nature, and the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin" is the talisman attracting to his memory a universal homage. If there is here, or anywhere, a questioner or a caviller, who asks: Why rear a statue to Halleck in this place of public concourse? I reply, in a word, because in him, the world found that rare gift of God, a brother man on the common level of humanity, with the full heart of a poet and the fire therein. It is this inspired naturalness which is the charm and the strength of his verse. His pathos is the tear and sob of a first, heartbreaking grief; his fancy has the perfume of the thicket and the woodland; his satire is the home-thrust of an honest foe; his humor is the gaiety which must have companionship, and the echo of an answering laugh. This pathos, this tender grace, this humor, were not the mere fringes and furniture of his verse. They were inherent in the very impulse and movement of his poetic thought. They gave it its unique variety and rapid alternations. How often he surprises us with those quick transitions, which blend the tear and the smile. How often the flow of his steady rhythm keeps

its even swell, like a billow seen at a distance, which we fancy will come to our feet with the resounding waves before it, but of a sudden, far out from shore, as if by an impulse of its own, breaks into foam and spray, and seems to gather all the sunlight into a coronet for its sparkling crest.

The natural grace and dignity of his poetry were conspicuous in his personal traits. The fine carriage of his muse, as well as its playful mirth and warm sympathy, had their counterpart in the charm of his manners and his genial friendliness. He wore no mask. If there was in any act or word of his, a tone or color not wholly in accord with his true relation to his own works, and the world's estimate of them, it was in his habitual self-depreciation. His sportive protests against delayed or posthumous honors, and his disparagement of all his claims to them, and his half jesting appeal for present recognition—as when he sang:

> "No, if a garland for my brow
> Is weaving, let me have it now,
> While I'm alive to wear it;
> And if, in whispering my name,
> There's music in the voice of fame,
> Like Garcia's, let me hear it—"

These and other kindred lines, and his allusion, in a letter to a friend, to the possibilities of a statue to himself in one of the triangular parks of New York,—an anticipation more than realized to-day, but of which he would see only the grotesque side,—all these may have concealed, while they half betrayed, a sense of unrequited desert, and of the conscious right to such honors as we now pay, not to the poet's shade, but to the living memory which survives him.

If we glance at particular poems we may separate those which are distinctively light and sportive in their vein, from those which are serious. Of the first class

I will speak only of "Fanny," the longest and most elaborate production of his pen, and those local fugitive and half impromptu pieces with which Halleck and Drake delighted the public under the incognito of Croaker & Co. Every citizen or son of New York, duly jealous of its fame, must claim these as the chief, if not the sole classics of its early metropolitan prime. What the charming prose of Irving's "Knickerbocker," is for the colonial infancy of New York, Fanny and the Croakers are for its Republican adolescence. The metropolis of that day, when, as the poet sings, Ohio was his "sunset land," was bounded by very narrow limits; but if there were fewer stars than now in the spheres of business or society, or politics, they shone with a lustre all the brighter for the narrow orbit in which they revolved, and the shafts of the satirist found an easy mark in follies, the range of whose flight was, for the most part, restricted to the region between the Battery and Canal street. The whole life of the time is reproduced and perpetuated in these famous verses, which paint in vivid colors the celebrities of church and State, of the bench and the bar, the scenic stage and the social circle, the editors, the poets, the politicians, the local magistrates, the traders, the publicans, the caterers for public and private amusement. The names which are thus immortalized were familiar to our fathers, and are still fresh in the memories of some who survive; but, for the readers of a distant future, they will live only as the wits and heroes and men of high and low degree of the Rome of Domitian or the London of Queen Anne live for us in the satires of Juvenal and of Pope. But none the less will they live. The Bucktails of Tammany Hall are immortal. In a letter written to me in 1858, Halleck, in response to an allusion I had made to "Fanny," speaks of the poem as his "venerable rhymes," and says, "I made my story a

thread to string the beads of my nonsense upon, a mere rosary of fun." It is a rosary on which the followers of Saint Tammany may tell their beads in a penitent retrospect of that era of comparative innocence when their predecessors confined their potations to malt, and their hatred to the Clintonians, and never turned their tomahawks against each other. Our gallant "Seventh" and their comrades in the other city corps will find their glories antedated by "Swartwout's Iron Grays," who are made by Halleck's muse the peers of the Roman legion and the Spartan band. And so a long catalogue of names, illustrious and obscure, might be recited, whose conspicuous virtues or foibles, good fortune or bad fortune, are made the theme of these sparkling stanzas. No contemporary escaped; no mark was missed, no shaft failed of its aim, whether winged at the loftiest or the lowliest, at what was permanent or transient, from the most absolute civic ruler of the day to the luckless French aeronaut, whose unmanageable balloon with its attendant rabble and consequent damage inflicted upon him a double immortality, embalming him in Halleck's "Fanny," and impaling him in an opinion of Chief Justice Spencer as the plaintiff in error in the leading case on the several liability of joint trespassers. And not only the names of men but of places are kept in fragrant memory. Around the heights of Weehawken the genius of Halleck has thrown a wreath as graceful as that of the morning mist touched with the first ray of the rising sun. Chatham street, too, is classic ground. It has just been rescued by a timely veto of our excellent Mayor from the oblivion to which an edict of our City Fathers sought to consign it; and its denizens may rejoice in the assured certainty that, with this new lease of life, in the City Directory, as in the undying verse of Halleck, it "still blooms and will bloom on forever."

Of Halleck's serious poems, let me mention the touching lines on the death of Drake and those on Lieutenant Allen, another life-long friend, born on the same day with the poet, a gallant soldier over whose martial bier he poured forth a strain of equal tenderness and beauty. If, in grateful recollection of a tribute to a kinsman of whom I am the nearest representative, a special garland could be woven to-day of "those immortal flowers whose root is in the grave," "it should be mine to weave it;" but it is enough to name it in the same breath with its companion elegy, both breathing a tender fancy and a pure grace which place them by the side of the Lycidas of Milton.

Next to these, and wider and higher in their poetic range, come the noble lines on Burns, and that lyric of lyrics, Marco Bozzaris. Of this famous poem, inimitable in its peculiar vein, Halleck wrote soon after its first appearance: "Bozzaris is the keystone of the arch of my renown, if renown it be;" and he speaks of its being "spouted on the stage, in colleges and schools." This was in March, 1827—fifty years ago. The poet's words are as true to-day as then. It is still the keystone of the arch of his renown, with no intervening "if" to qualify the certainty of that renown; and it has still this seal of its immortality that it is the perennial favorite of the school-boy. How many juvenile voices have made it the vehicle of their first essay in that art of public speaking for which nature is supposed to prefigure and adapt the lungs and lips of every young American. If we would reassure ourselves of its true poetic power, let us recall our own first effort at declamation and the thrill of heroic manhood which we caught from its inspiration. I do not believe that any boy, however awkward or abashed, ever "broke down" in Marco Bozzaris when once fairly launched on the rapid current of its verse. Its intense dramatic action has an irresistible sweep which inspires its own energy, and, read or

recited, makes the reader or declaimer, for the time, a part of the swift succession of its scenes. They are all as vivid as in our boyhood—the guarded tent of the proud Moslem dreaming his last delusive dream; the midnight gathering, in the forest shade, of the Suliote band of patriots; the stealthy ambuscade, the surprise, the sentry's shriek, the death grapple in the dark, the triple adjuration of Bozzaris to his band, to strike for altar and fireside, for green, ancestral graves, for God and country, the shout of victory dearly bought with his blood, followed by the plaintive apostrophe to death, at first like the wail of a widowed heart, but suddenly changing to a calm, clear note of welcome, and the song of triumph in which, as by a swift assumption, the hero is borne upwards and set like a star in the bright particular firmament of "the few immortal names."

It is not too much to say that this immortality, and even our distinct memory of the Suliote chieftain, is due to the impassioned verse of Halleck. Brave and noble as were his deeds, and lofty as was the purpose which they served, it is not because he fought for Greece, on the old Platean plain, amidst the memories of Thermopylæ and Marathon, that Bozzaris is a household name with us. It is because, in this far off hemisphere, in this new, uncultured mart of trade, a young accountant in a South street shipping house, turned from his invoice and his day-book, to write for the Grecian soldier the warrant of his fame, made authentic by the sign manual of the poet.

This is the sovereign prerogative and divine right of genius—to lift what is otherwise obscure or humble, or transient, to its own height, and make it a sharer of its immortality. The field daisy, crushed under the ploughshare of Burns, he set in a light which no crown jewel ever reflected: the verse of Gray has made a country church yard, in a quiet English nook, a shrine

as memorable as the Pyramids or the Pantheon; to the sky-lark, which soars and sings in Shelley's unmatched strains, the world is listening still; the water-fowl in its lone flight attracts the gaze of the world, poised on the strong, serene verse of Bryant. And so to the leader of a little band of patriots, in a desperate struggle for freedom, Halleck gave a crown which Cæsar never wore.

Is it not fitting that with that measure of honor which earthly rewards can give, we recognize and pay homage to this high power of genius? To him that hath shall be given; to this sovereign who dispenses crowns, we bring the crown of sovereignty—rather, to this servant who has used so well the talent of his Lord, we pay the tenfold tribute which is his due.

I have reserved for final mention an element in the character and works of Halleck which must not be overlooked or under-estimated. I mean his patriotism. Love of country and loyalty to country were in the very grain and fibre of his being. It was a youthful instinct, nurtured in the fresh memories of the Revolution. It was a manly sentiment, strengthened and stimulated by the new dangers, the varied fortunes and the final successes, on sea and land, of the later struggle with Great Britain. It was the ever-present inspiration of his Muse. It winged the thought which, by the grave of Burns, took its swift flight to his "own green, native land." It was the key-note of the strains in which he gave to his native State, that "rough land of earth and stone and tree," the tribute of an affection as ardent as ever breathed in the lay of a Troubadour, memorable for the bold touches by which he paints the home-spun hero of Connecticut, and, in a single line, gives to Mary Stark a deathless fame. It was this same love of country which breathed in the closing lines he penned for the "American Flag," that noble ode, beginning with the bold and original metaphor of Drake,

sustained throughout by his impassioned genius, and fitly ending in that flash of Halleck's poetic fire which seems like the answering flame of Liberty consuming the offering of her votaries.

The patriotic feeling of a people is not to be measured by the force or volume of its poetic expression. But the nation whose annals are not at times aglow with an enthusiasm which can find expression only in the songs of memory or hope, will have few historic periods, or epic heroes. Our advancing civilization may, of right, demand a higher culture and a more fastidious taste in the poetic art, but it can never dispense with the inspiration of the true poet, in peace or war, or with the common brotherhood of feeling by which, as in water face answereth to face, so will the heart of people to poet. We dedicate this statue to the memory of Halleck as an American poet. It is fortunate that its dedication, which marks an era in the annals of our literature, should be made, in so conspicuous a manner, representative of the unity of our national life. The opening words of dedication have been fitly spoken by one who, starting in the race with Halleck, was like him a victor on the same broad field, and who still wears on his venerated brow the laurel with which his country crowned him in his youth and her's. By the act of its unveiling, the statue has been given to the public gaze by the hand of the nation's chief Executive, and by his graceful transfer confided to the keeping of the city where the poet dwelt and whence his words have gone forth wherever "the birds of fame have flown." From Halleck's native New England we hear the serene, memorial strains of a brother bard, who gives to humanity and country, and to whatever is purest and best, the tuneful voice of a poet and the warm heart of a friend. This imperial city, by its chief magistrate, by the flower of its citizenship and its soldiery,

with the sound of music and amidst the bloom and fragrance of this season of Nature's promise and prime, accepts the dedicated statue, to hold it among its civic trusts and treasures as a monument of the genius which is the property of us all. It only remains that we do not separate from the duty and the privilege of this passing hour the lesson which it speaks, that the true poet is, in his measure, the servant of the State, and, according to the faithful exercise of his high gifts, ministers, in his lot and place, with all loyal workers in industry, in enterprise and in art, to those noble ends which, in the sanctuary of a nation's highest life, are its perpetual strength and beauty."

On the conclusion of Mr. Butler's address, there were loud calls for Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, who at length came forward, and in response to the repeated summons of the vast assembly, made a few remarks, when the ceremonies were concluded by the performance of a number of national airs. The President and some of the prominent guests, after a brief visit to the Museum of Natural History, in the Park, were then escorted down Fifth avenue, which was crowded with tens of thousands of spectators, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, by the military organizations, Mrs. Hayes returning quietly to the hotel in Gen. Wilson's carriage.

The following poem was sent by Mr. E. V. Welch of New York, as a tribute to the interesting occasion:

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest;
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the daybeam in the rosy West."

HALLECK.

His twilight's past; the dark and dreary night
Through which he toiled, has changed to morning bright.

No sad forebodings dim his young dreams now;
No lowering shadows cloud his radiant brow;
His spirit's free, and with celestial light
God's universe has burst upon his sight.

Again he roams 'mid Fancy's blooming Spring;
Again we hear his graceful numbers ring;
Again he clasps his "friend of better days,"
  Again he gazes on Wyoming's vale,
Again, "The Phalanx of the Iron Grays"
  Unfurl their starry banner to the gale;
Of Alnwick Castle's ivy covered walls,
Its donjon-keep, and ancient festal halls,
He sings again her pomps, and deeds of fame,
And wreathes a glory round brave Percy's name.

Of Woman, Love, and Satire still he sings;
  Wanders with Burns by Cottage, Doon and Kirk;
And hears "Fair Ellen strike the minstrel strings,"
  And sees again Bozzaris' gleaming dirk;
Adorns "the vale where thundered war's alarms"
  With lines Immortal—"Field of the Grounded Arms."

Thy radiant Spirit in its lofty flight,
  Has soared on Fancy's wings to realms above;
Charming the soul with visions pure and bright,
  Filling the heart with flowers of Hope and Love.
Thy glorious numbers, like the Planet's beam,
  Shall change to warbling Spring, bleak Winter's gloom
Warrior and Sage shall feel, as in a dream—
  The music of thy Lyre—the fragrance of thy bloom.

Thy twilight's past. A happier morning hour
Of Glory dawns on thy Poetic power;
Aurora's golden beams of Heaven-born light
Shall blend their luster with thy Laurels bright,
Till Time this massive Bronze corrodes to rust—
And unborn nations moulder into dust.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

To-day, for the first time, an American author will receive the honor of a commemorative statue. Busts, shafts, or tablets have been erected to others of the guild of letters, but Fitz-Greene Halleck is the first to be monumentally treated as the equal of statesmen, divines, and inventors. This distinction is due, less to the intrinsic quality of his achievement as a poet, than to the unchanging personal regard which he enjoyed for half a century, and to the peculiar place which he occupies in the history of American Literature. He was not only one of the five men—the others, in the order of their birth, being Irving, Dana, Cooper, and Bryant—who founded that Literature and gave it honor throughout the world, but he holds the same relation to its poetry as Irving does to its prose that is, he first gave it permanent popularity.

Two generations have passed since Halleck began to be a fresh, delightful, and stimulating intellectual force; and no reader of to-day can fairly estimate the service he rendered, without intimate knowledge of that earlier day when each of his poems was at once a surprise and a prophecy. After the resounding dullness of Barlow and Dwight, and the coarse imitative satire of Trumbull, the fancy, delicate irony, and unaccustomed melodious quality of the "Croaker" poems fell like sudden manna upon the desert of American letters. Dana, who was three years older, and Bryant, who was four years younger than Halleck, had then begun to write, it is true; but the former had published no poems, and the latter only his grave and grand "Thanatopsis." Halleck and Drake had the field to themselves; they dealt chiefly with local matters and

ephemeral interests, yet there was something in their performance so awakening and inspiring, that their publisher once received fifteen imitations in a single day! Halleck's "Fanny," published in 1819, was so popular that the publisher gave him $500 to add fifty stanzas to a new edition. This blending of humor with gentle sentiment and fine descriptive poetry, embodied in metrical forms of great fluency and melody, was something new in this country, and it antedated by several years the similar work of Praed, in England.

Halleck's literary activity is included within a period of ten years. Except "Red Jacket," all the poems by which he will be remembered were written before 1825; he ceased in the prime of his powers, and with forty years of his life still before him. While retaining a generous interest in the productions of later authors, he seemed to have entirely lost the need of poetical expression, or to have been discouraged by finding himself fallen upon times with which he felt no genuine sympathy. He was of the school of Scott, Campbell, and Moore, and its only American representative. Hence it is perhaps not singular that, after the death of Byron and Scott, and the silence of Rogers, Moore, and Campbell; when the reaction against all of these had much diminished their former victorious popularity, and the stars of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats were rising at last,—Halleck should have surmised that the taste of his old audience was not renewed in their children. He was too proud to betray the least sensitiveness on this point—if, indeed, he had any; his life was in noble contrast to that of those authors whose latter years are soured by attributing natural failure to the perverse misconception of readers or the malice of critics.

In his personal opinions and habits Halleck also belonged to the Past. It is only ten years since his massive, distinguished head, and the erect, dignified

carriage of his form, were seen, from time to time, on Broadway; and no one could pass him without feeling the momentary contact of another age. Although the descendant of a Pilgrim family (and from Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, on the mother's side), he inherited the royalist sympathies of his father, who acted as a British commissary during the Revolutionary War. He had no faith in the republican form of government; he was profoundly antagonistic to every movement to which the epithet of "progress" was attached; and there was much in the literature of our generation which he found almost as incomprehensible as a new language. The latter half of his life was an anachronism. He represented the views, the tastes, the feelings, of a century ago; but he also represented the simple inborn truth, the lofty sentiment of honor, the fine antique courtesy of the Gentleman of that period. In these respects, he needed no element of "progress,"—for our day could teach him nothing better

Now and then an attempt is made to disparage Halleck's services to our literature. His best defence will be found in the memory of the people, who ask for no criticism when they know what they like. For fifty years they have read and recited "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," and "Red Jacket," and they will continue to do so for fifty years to come. "What young men are sure to like," said a great poet, "cannot fail to live; for there will always be young men in the world." Add "Alnwick Castle," "Connecticut," and the lyric rosebud dropped on the grave of Drake, and we have six universally-known and permanent poems of Halleck, as many as Gray or Collins gave to the English people. It doubles our gratitude to consider when, and into what a comparative wilderness, he sang them. We gladly yield him, to-day, the honor of perennial bronze.—*New York Tribune, May* 15, 1877.

THE HALLECK COMMEMORATION.

Halleck is not one of the great poets of the world, but there was something peculiarly appropriate in the erection of his statue in the great park of the City of New York. The day, the place, the circumstances, the presence of the President, the chairmanship of Mr. Bryant, the poem of Whittier, the reception by the Mayor, and the address by Mr. Butler, who, like Halleck, has gathered the laurels of literary distinction in the intervals of engrossing pursuits of another kind, were all most felicitous. Mr. Bryant's few words of introduction had a curious charm. He stood in the warm May sunshine, under the shadowy trees, his venerable form the centre of the vast throng that stretched away on every side, and he who had been the comrade of Halleck, and had raised with him the earliest notes of American song, spoke a few graceful and generous words in honor of his memory and his fame. He ended by introducing the President, who, after a few apt words, and amid the hearty cheers of the great multitude, unveiled the statue. The Mayor modestly accepted it for the city, and Gen. Wilson read the musical verses of Whittier, which were peculiarly happy in touching the character of Halleck's claim for commemoration in New York, and in asserting the humanizing power of poetry. Mr. Butler, in a firm, clear voice, and with great spirit, then delivered his admirable discourse, in which the glow of eulogy was but a generous and natural strain upon such an occasion. He stated with great felicity the secret of the poet's influence. It is not poetic susceptibility alone, nor the gift of rhythmical expression, nor both combined, but the instinct which seizes the moment and the passing event and speaks adequately for it and of it, the universal emotion. This, when it suddenly

wins fortune, is called luck. When it snatches victory from the doubt and fury of great contests, we call it heroism. When it expresses in literature the common thought and the common feeling, at moments or upon subjects of commanding interest, it is known as genius. Mr. Butler traced vividly the relation of Halleck to the local life of the City of New York, elaborating in graphic detail the lines in Whittier's poem which describe the charm with which Halleck's muse invested the New York of sixty and seventy years ago:

> "He toiled and sang; and year by year
> Men found their homes more sweet,
> And through a tenderer atmosphere
> Looked down the brick-walled street.
>
> "The Greek's wild onset Wall street knew;
> The Red King walked Broadway;
> And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
> From Palisades to Bay."

This suggests the chief significance of the occasion. The orator reminded his hearers that the monument erected to Halleck in 1869, at Guilford, in Connecticut, where he is buried, was the first public token of respect ever reared to the memory of an American poet, and that the statue in the Central Park is the first ever set in a public place in like commemoration. It is a very poor work of art, but that does not destroy its significance. It is the public recognition of literature as one of the great forces in the State, to be commemorated side by side with statesmanship, and scientific invention, and research, and every other form of chief public service. It acknowledges the poet not to be merely an ornamental and superfluous person, it accepts his humanizing and elevating influence as among the true glories of nations. "It only remains," said Mr. Butler, in eloquently closing his discourse, "that we do not

separate from the duty and the privilege of this passing hour the lesson which it speaks, that the true poet is, in his measure, the servant of the State, and, according to the faithful exercise of his high gifts, ministers, in his lot and place, with all loyal workers in industry, in enterprise, and in art, to those noble ends which, in the sanctuary of a nation's highest life, are its perpetual strength and beauty."—*Harper's Weekly, June* 2, 1877.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE HALLECK STATUE.

Benjamin R. Winthrop....	$500	Samuel D. Babcock.....	$100
Benjamin H. Field.....	350	Charles P. Clinch.....	100
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Loring Andrews	35	George P. Rowell	25
John McKesson	35	Clark Bell	25
William C. Conner	25	Ellsworth Eliot	20
Salem H. Wales	25	Shepherd Knapp	20
John McKeon	25	A. W. Blake	20
Thurlow Weed	25	George A. Elliot	20
Henry Clews	25	B. F. Carver	20
Wm. H. Macy	25	John T. Agnew	20
J. Van Schaick	25	Sinclair Tousey	20
Alexander Taylor	25	John F. Henry	20
W. L. Cogswell	25	George Hill	15
John Warren	25	Barry Gray	10
H. F. Spaulding	25	Charles Dana	10
Henry A. Burr	25	C. W. S. Albany	10
R. E. Mount, Jr	25	Wm. C. Fowler	10
William Kemble	25	Rev. C. B. Smith	10
Alfred Pell	25	S. P. Dinsmore	10
W. W. Wright	25	G. H. McClure	10
John Bigelow	25	D. R. Liddy	10
John Fowler, Jr	25	John B. Haskin	10
E. C. Benedict	25	Lewis A. Sayre	10
Charles A. Peabody	25	Henry Wehle	10
Charles P. Daly	25	Nathaniel Wheeler	10
Wilson G. Hunt	25	Hosea P. Perkins	10
James W. Beekman	25	Algernon S. Sullivan	10
John E. Devlin	25	O. P. C. Billings	10
J. Hallgarten	25	Wm. H. Wickham	10
James M. McLean	25	J. N. Tappan	10
Theodore Roosevelt	25	William Jay	10
Wm. E. Dodge, Jr	25		

PORTRAITS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Miniature painted on ivory in 1811, by an English artist known as "mysterious" Brown, in the possession of Gen. Jas. Grant Wilson.

Miniature painted 1820, by Nathaniel Rogers, a pupil of Brown, owned by Mr. William Loring Andrews.

Portrait bust painted between 1820 and 1825, by John Wesley Jarvis, in the possession of Mrs. George C. DeKay.

Portrait bust painted in oil, about 1828, by Prof. S. F. B. Morse, owned by the Astor Library.

Cabinet portrait in oil painted by Henry Inman, about 1830, in the possession of Mr. Charles P. Clinch.

Portrait bust executed in 1831, by Henry Inman, and now in the gallery of the New York Historical Society.

Portrait bust painted about 1836, by Samuel P. Waldo, also in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

Portrait bust painted in 1847, for Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and now in their private office, by Charles Loring Elliott.

Portrait bust by Thomas Hicks, painted in 1855, for Mr. Benjamin R. Winthrop.

Of the above portraits, numbers two, six, eight and nine have been engraved on steel, to accompany different editions of Halleck's poetical writings, and his "Life and Letters."

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